夏宇[诗 人声] **颜峻**[声音]

七首诗和一些耳鸣

1 自我的地狱

——致波赫士(1899-1986)

一堆梦游者与另一堆梦游者
擦身而过他们的梦有所交集
像几块云遇到另几块云
就下了一场雨其中的一个
梦游者醒在一个屋子里
他睁开眼睛说：下雨了
完全不知道自己梦游过
而且醒在别人的屋子里
他的脚在别人的鞋里
是那么吻合他的身体穿上
别人的衣服他坐在另一个
桌子前与另一些人一起吃饭
他变成另一个我且不疑有他
朋友或配偶可能也怀疑过
但被存在本质上更虚幻的疑点
所说服在这里鞋子
是关键穿错鞋子
很容易就会发现不是吗此所以
每个早上所有起床的人
首先被他们自己的鞋子说服
从不怀疑他们已经
不是他们自己奇怪的是
别人的鞋子为什么会合
自己的脚呢因为只要有一个人
没有醒来大家就全部
活在他的梦里

选自《Salsa》

2 就这样认识了晚上

一个谜题
猜一样东西：
方形的
绿色的
小小的
不必想太远

谜底就是它自己
方形的
绿色的
小小的
谜底就是这个东西
它自己

我把左手套进一只小孩的手套
用小孩的手摸他的脸
他有点喜欢这个改变
手套色彩斑斓
我也很懒散
不对称不连续谈话
迅速把房间变成沙滩
我们大家全放弃了
我们在那沙滩上
我们就这样认识了晚上

选自《诗六十首》

3 继续讨论厌烦

所以我们必须继续讨论厌烦
厌烦的东西都是厌烦的
任何厌烦的东西都是厌烦的
事实上只有厌烦的东西才是
厌烦的
它不必被发现，它在。

它有一种遥远而清澈的感觉
有一点疯狂
也有怀旧和颤栗的情愫
其实也离道德不远

你要怎么形容厌烦的味道呢？
只有最老成持重的侍者会说：
“您要怎么形容橘子的味道呢
我们只能说有些味道像橘子。”

让人着迷的不是它的建筑物
而是它的瘫痪。有一种龙涎香。
琥珀色。也不妨甚至
像是一些呆滞的水管的样子。
一些牛皮纸袋的样子。
机缘、回忆、欲望和巧合
的反向下水道的历史背面的城市

那真是一种气氛的问题
厌烦
接近印象派
在狂喜最薄最薄的边上
只有光可以表达
每一个时刻移动的光
那奢侈宁静那逸乐那腻
是那种以为再也不可能醒来的午睡
接近恐怖主义

接近水泥和砂和铁
用叉子刮着盘底
剩下一些指甲和皮屑

而并不曾意料的
以家具店的形式出现的
店名就叫做厌烦与狂喜的

毫不妥协的低调装饰
却是所有的椅子都经过设计
到了绝不可能回返的境地
那些柜子虚掩
接近直觉

它们带来凝聚和沉溺的晚上
主题是自我的可厌
遗弃的不同形式
屏风的无目的结论
以及灯光暴力犹豫不决的装饰性

谁比谁正确，或者说
谁比谁远离直线
谁比谁更激进
更富音乐性
更具节庆气氛
更允许丰富的插图
和冗长的游行队伍
谁更接近一间完美的浴室
谁比较是浴缸
你不能判断那狂喜或厌烦
谁是轴谁是旋转

选自《Salsa》

4 令物体自行移动

每次都以为这次不算
每次都以为现在的都不是真的
空气中一块丝绸割裂的声音
用最快的速度跑进去
躲起来

从缝里偷看
小声地说：“下一次好不好？”

当一切都在发生而被意识到
这意识就把发生
从发生中剔除
但为了日后可以说：
“其实……”
或者说：
“曾经……”

每一次都郑重地想：
“下一次一定远比这一次算数。”

从而定义出的
下次的下次

还是准备冲出去的下次
大声说：
“不算。”

想让那些物体自行移动
因为不耐烦
果然也就发生了

大家于是看见
一张椅子自行到来
“还是不算。”
恹恹地说：
“连这个不算也不算。”

选自《Salsa》

5 您主要装载了是在我的深渊区域

您主要装载了是在我的深渊区域
我能所有感觉……
我希望给您一样和有我的方式
但我的敏感干扰我
我太感到愤怒和屈辱有内部
我想要是它甚而有我并且那回归到我灰色和愤怒
因为是美丽的您

和那我希望从您长期有益于
片刻当我们陷进……
但我的精神恐慌……
在我的梦想您总是
像一名神秘妇女
我从未可能区别您的面孔
因为这是梦想
但我能看您的机体和做您爱
当您读所有
您肯定将做一声巨大叹气
好像您已经读它是句子

我寻找它
是爱的醉以您
我太多被干扰并且太敏感在这生命
和那烂掉了我们的关系……
我的敏感性使我出逃情况，人们
并且我从现在起出逃您像一条野生狗
原谅我如果我有做梦太多
或如果我生活我们的关系有通过神秘主义者或幻觉
我不会说……
我只嗅到自己在生活的这个妓女
丢失在感觉
我无法居住在爱
感觉干扰我……
我有印象我能想像您
读这些句子
欲望给我为清除所有这文字……留下白色
因为我的词是凹陷并且装载幻觉……
我是像赤裸在您前面

此诗原文为法文，摘自一封匿名情书。选自《粉红色噪音》

6-1 他们很快再总互相喜欢

他们很快再总互相喜欢如同他们以前做了
这更加只做了他们像彼此
那是因为没有措施经常下了雨
他们如此只当它倾吐了

选自《粉红色噪音》

6-2 多么甜进入污浊的夜

在落寞冻结的荒原
他们的性幻想成为更加侮辱神明
更加音乐的不可能验明
当他们是残酷的，诅咒和大胆
什么他们记住最好是他们的过去
直到他们再见面
他们需要中断
并且他们浪费空间

选自《粉红色噪音》

6-3 我总被告诉记住这

像一个漫步的途径和一本仓促日志
我丢失了我的头脑和出卖了我的灵魂
是某事惟一蠢货会做的
但如果我告诉了您所有肮脏的事他总耳语在我的耳朵里在床
我无法认为任何更好的刺激比
凝望他的赤裸机体被舒展当他睡觉了

他曾经消耗了每个空隙我生存
我热衷了野兽在他那夜
我的心脏打碎和我的血液冲
他的肌肉显示，汗水倾吐，力量解开了
我能感觉他的注视烧伤入我的骨肉

他和我做它我们的义务拧紧越经常越好
下潜，追求节奏以增加的浓度
在转动以一声未被注意的叹气之前——
我的灵魂衰弱当他的被转了
并且我的肠行动了为他——一叹气
作为夜的筛子在低下潜
坏对骨头但美好作为酒

选自《粉红色噪音》

6-4 我非常简单爱人太多
它使我感受太性交哀伤

我不知道什么其他做与我自己
醒来在四对无声的黑暗，我凝望
我认为有相当忧郁强的张力那里
让时间路过是一件大事。让它溃烂一会儿
让事经历像一个筛子
直到我然后看见什么是真正地总这里
为日的剩余——很好，肯定
我可能将有一个更加容易的时间——我不介意
我们停留现在并且我们得到在

光然后加强
并且屋子有显著发展
这是的一个特殊方式害怕
我那么轻微地，再然后睡着了再
赤裸在他缓慢的手
为日的剩余
他能肯定告诉我一两件事
关于什么他是做
或设法做

选自《粉红色噪音》

6-5 抒情诗，为所有这些旋转的苦行僧

他与我性交并且我没有与他性交
这些活动做没什么而且导致没什么
并且如果他们不导致没什么
它更坏
它是整个地可以想像的
在有些点之外那里是没有回归
这点必须被到达，像自杀
作为没有用途的奖励为我
遮掩从视图，深刻的舍去，无形

他找了没什么在走廊然后他打开门
他找了没什么在这些门之后那里是更多走廊
并且他那里找了没什么准备
他那里飞跃其他台阶
气味并且事口味依然是
平衡长期保持，像灵魂
他告诉了我他会是可利用的下个星期
但我没有与他联系在谈话与他以后
为与他性交

选自《粉红色噪音》

7 你不觉得她很适合早上吗
——为Yan写给一个塞内加尔女人

你不觉得她
她很适合早上吗？
你不觉得她很适合
譬如说
奔跑
她适合打开她的旧饼干盒
读潮湿的旧信
封着一瓶酒
你不觉得她很适合奔跑过一个灿烂的星空吗
她适合意志
她也适合
再举一个例子说
她适合优美地滑倒
你不觉得她是可以擦掉的吗
那种一修再修的草图
但她的拇指浮现
你不认为她
她就是很适合摩擦吗？
你不认为她适合早上来到？

选自《Salsa》

后记 夏宇

建筑师问哪一种建筑更容易让人相遇
把两百人或是两万人一起放进一个规则或不规则盒子里
诗人捕获一堆云
搞装置的人把云堆在洗衣机里
做噪音的人把洗衣机开关打开
洗衣机发出混凝土和碎石子的声音
自动贩卖机为了表示好感也尽量倾吐出一堆无用之物

后记 颜峻

夏宇在鼓楼的SOS酒吧念了她的后记给我们听。当时她好像还没有决定用它来做后记。但是念完以后就决定了。这是我们当晚做出的许多决定之一，也可能是惟一真的要实现的。

其他的决定，包括我们要在北京开一家只有5个座位的酒吧，其中一个座位，要留给一个住在台北的朋友，他回不了北京，可能一辈子也回不了了。

这个酒吧的名字，叫做：被幽默折磨的天使，或者叫：在厕所呕吐。两个名字都谈不上多好，所以它多半是不会实现了。坐在我左边的人，已经答应每周一上午会来上班，做店长，为那些早晨就开始喝酒的人服务。我想，为了这个承诺，我们总得把酒吧开出来吧。哪怕是每周只开一天呢？要么就总共只开一天呢？

这张CD，真的是2011年冬天开始创作的。说创作好像有点严重，那么就只说是“开始”吧：

这张CD，真的是从2011年冬天开始的。现在已经是2015年秋天了。时间不值钱，装在钱包里，什么都没有做，就慢慢空了。这中间她去了巴黎两次，每次差不多半年。我去了更多地方，每个地方一天到几个月不等。我好像一直在催她录音，她也录了。但她没有催我，我自己也没有，我还是该干嘛干嘛，时不时的，惦记着这张CD，就好像它已经在路上了，就要到达了。

现在这里面，有我们在各个城市录的声音，作为素材，被最终成形的声音所吞食、消化。这些地方，这些时间，和这些声音没有什么实质性的关系。只是和我们自己有关罢了。倒也不是说：你看，我曾经历尽沧桑，见识过了世界。而是说，俗话说，不怕贼偷，就怕贼惦记。那种惦记，和互相的惦记，甚至是被尚未到达的这张CD所惦记，像一种引力。

我们都喜欢的一个法国人说，诗歌通过重复，来呼喊神的名字。并且通过念出神的名字来杀死神。也就是通过杀神来献祭神，让他再生，永生。

我们都在重复自己，也都在重复别人做过的事情。这还行。

后记的后记 夏宇

翌日酒醒才领会这酒吧开不成，因为“被幽默摧残的天使”和“在厕所呕吐”绝不是酒吧的好名字，没有人会耐烦说第二遍我们去－被－幽－默－摧－残－的－天－使－喝一杯吧，或是我正在－厕－所－呕－吐－等朋友，这些字眼折旧率惊人，就像最贵最酷的车开出去绕一圈就变旧车了

那晚还有一位搞噪音的捷克朋友在座，大家一起瞎掰名字，第三瓶啤酒后，他忽然大叫什么SOS不如叫做ASS－HOLE－ASS，众人狂笑觉得中了，再没有比这更好的酒吧名字了，我说那你也用同样名字去布拉格开一家，他微笑神秘地说不成，布拉格不是这样子的不是这种氛围的

念诗需要有点酒意，诗之为物，下酒而已

HSIA YU [POEMS & VOICE] **YAN JUN** [SOUND]
7 POEMS AND SOME TINNITUS
TRANSLATION: STEVE BRADBURY [EXCEPT INDICATED SPECIFICALLY]

1 A Personal Hell -- To Borges (1899-1986)

When a whole passel of sleepwalkers brushes passed another
whole passel their dreams intermingle
like a cluster of clouds encountering another cluster
and so it rains and one of the sleepwalkers
wakes inside a room
he opens his eyes and says: It is raining
entirely unaware he has been walking in his sleep
and moreover awakened in some other person's room
his feet inside some other person's shoes
which fit exactly like his own wearing
some other person's clothes he sits at the table eating
with some other person's others eating
he has himself become another beyond a shadow of a doubt
his friends and spouse have had their suspicions
but have been here won over by suspicions that are all-the-more
illusory for being existentialized in essence the shoes
are the key for wouldn't you soon discover
if the shoes you were wearing were not your own and thus are
folks won over every morning when they rise
never knowing they are
no longer themselves the uncanny part of this is that
why someone else's shoes should fit
one's feet is that so long as there is one
who hasn't woken up the rest of us
live on inside his dream

from "Salsa"

2 We Came This Way to Know The Evening

Here's a riddle:
What is
Square
Green
And small
No need to cast your thoughts too far

The answer is itself
Square
Green
And small
The answer is the thing
Itself

I fit my left hand into a child's glove
With a child's hand I caressed his face
He rather liked the novelty of this
Multicolored glove
I too am so listless
Broken conversation out of synch
Quickly turned the room into a sandy strand
We all gave in without resisting
We were on the sand
We came this way to know the evening

from "60 Poems"

3 Continuing Our Discussion of Tedium

And so we must continue our discussion of tedium
Tedious things are all so very tedious
And every tedious thing is tedious too
Actually it takes a tedious thing to be
Truly tedious
Tediousness doesn't need to be discovered, it simply is.

It has a sort of remote yet limpid feeling
With a touch of frenzy
Coupled with nostalgia and a tremulous sincerity
Not all that far in fact from morality

How can you describe the taste of tedium?
Only the most experienced and prudent waiter would say:
"How can you describe the taste of oranges…
We can only say there are certain tastes that taste like oranges."

What infatuates is not its edifice
But its paralysis. There is an ambergris.
Amber-tinged. To the extent perhaps
Of resembling those sluggish water pipes.
Some brown-paper grocery bags.
A city on the flipside of the history of backed-up sewers of opportunities, recollections,
desires, and coincidences
It's really a question of atmosphere
Tedium
Verging on the impressionists
At the sheerest threshold of ecstasy
Only light can express
Light in motion at every moment
That luxe, calme, that volupté, that blasé
Is akin to those siestas you imagine you'll never wake from
Verging on terrorism

Verging on cement and sand and iron
Scouring the bottom of a dish with a fork
Leaving behind some nails and skin

But what is least expected
Is that it appears in the form of a furniture store
Which happens to be called “Tedium and Ecstasy”

Utterly uncompromising in its low-key decorativeness
But then all chairs undergo a process of design
Until they arrive at the point of no-return
Those wardrobes left unlatched
Verge on intuition

On evenings they convey cohesion and self-indulgence
The subject is the odiousness of the ego
The differing forms of abandonment
The purposeless conclusion of the ornamental screen
And the violent and dithering decorativity of the lamplight

Who is the more accurate or shall we say
Who has drifted farther from the straight line
Who is the more radical
The more musically endowed
The more possessive of a festive air
Accords the more copious illustration
And the longer parade

Who verges most on the perfect washroom
Who is comparatively more a tub
You cannot determine if it's ecstasy or tedium
Who is the axis who the revolution

from "Salsa"

4 And Now These Objects Will Move by Themselves

Every time you get to thinking this time doesn't count
Every time you come to feel this time isn't real
The air is shot with the sound of silk ripping
You run inside as fast as you are able to
Hide yourself

Peeking through a crack
Softly say: "Next time, OK."

Just as everything begins to happen you become conscious
Your consciousness is taking the happening
Out of what's happening
But for that one day someday you are able to say:
"Well, actually…"
Or maybe
"Once…"

Every time you find yourself earnestly believing:
"Next time will count far more than this time."

Which is strictly speaking
The next time of the next time

Or the next time preparing to rush out
You shout:
"Doesn't count!"

Just as you think of making these objects move by themselves
Since you've now begun to fidget
Sure enough it all begins to happen
And so we see
A chair moving towards us all by itself
"Still doesn't count."
You say ever so languidly:
"Even that doesn't count doesn't count."

from "Salsa"

5 Tu As Largement Rempli L'abysse Qui Est En Moi

Tu as largement rempli l'abysse qui est en moi

Je peux tout ressentir…

J'aimerais te donner autant et à ma façon

Mais ma sensibilité me perturbe trop

Je ressens de la colère et de l'humiliation à l'intérieur

Je m'en veux moi même et ça me rend gris et coléreux

Parce que t'es belle

Et que j'aimerais profiter plus longtemps de toi

Des moment où on est collés…

Mais mon esprit s'affole…

Dans mes rêves tu as toujours été

Comme une femme mystique

Je n'ai jamais pu distinguer ton visage

Parce que c'est un rêve

Mais je pouvais voir ton corps et te faire l'amour

Quand tu liras tout ça

Tu feras sûrement un grand soupir

Comme si tu avais déjà lu ces phrases

Ce que je recherche

C'est une ivresse d'amour avec toi
Je suis trop troublé et trop sensible dans cette vie
Et cela pourrie notre relation…
Ma sensibilité me fait fuir les situations, les gens
Et désormais je te fuis comme un chien sauvage
Pardonne-moi si j'ai trop rêvé
Ou si je vis notre relation à travers le mystique ou l'illusion
Je ne sais pas comment dire…
Je me sens seul dans cette putain de vie
Je me perds dans les sentiments
Je ne sais pas vivre dans l'amour
Les sentiments me perturbent…
J'ai l'impression que je peux t'imaginer
En train de lire ces phrases
Ca me donne envie d'effacer tout cet écrit… de laisser du blanc
Parce que mes mots sont creux et remplis d'illusion…
Je suis comme nu devant toi

original text in French. from an anonymous love letter
from "Pinknoise"

6-1 They Always Liked Each Other Again Soon

They always liked each other again soon just as they did before
This only made them like each other all the more
That's because it often rained without measure
They did so only when it poured

from “Pinknoise“

6-2 How Sweet To Enter The Filthy Night

In the desolate frozen wasteland
Where their sexual fantasies become more blasphemous
More musical yet unidentifiable
When they were brutal, cursing and daring each other
What they remember best is their past
Until they meet again
They need a break
And they're wasting space

from "Pinknoise"

6-3 I’ve Always Been Told To Remember This

Like a wandering route and a hasty diary
I lost my mind and sold my soul
That’s something only an idiot would do
But if I told you all the dirty things he’s always whispering in my ear in bed
I can’t think of any better motivation than
Staring at his naked body stretched out while he sleeps

He once consumed every crevice of my living life
I craved the beast in him that night
My heart pounding and my blood rushing
His muscles flexed, sweat pouring out, power unleashed
I could feel his gaze burn into my flesh

He and I made it our duty to screw as often as possible
A dive, pursuing the rhythm with increased concentration
Before turning away with an unnoticed sigh -
My soul was feeble when his back was turned
And my bowels moved for him - a sigh
As a sieve of the night in a low dive
Bad to the bone but fine as wine

from “Pinknoise“

6-4 I Simply Love People Too Much
So Much It Makes Me Feel Too Fucking Sad

I don’t know what else to do with myself
Waking at four to soundless dark, I stare
I think there’s quite a strong strain of melancholy in there
Letting time go by is a big thing. Let it fester awhile
Let things go through like a sieve
Till then I see what’s really always here
For the rest of the day - well, sure, maybe
I’ll have a much easier time - I don’t mind
We hang out now and we get on

Then the light strengthens
And the room takes shape
This is a special way of being afraid
And I sleep again, so slightly, again
Naked in his slow hands
For the rest of the day
He could sure tell me a thing or two
About what he’s doing
Or trying to do

from “Pinknoise“

6-5 The Lyrics, For All These Whirling Dervishes

He fucked me and I didn't fuck him back
These actions do nothing and cause nothing
And if they don't cause nothing
It's even worse
It is entirely conceivable
Beyond a certain point there is no return
This point has to be reached, like a suicide
As a reward for having no use for me
Veiled from view, deep down, invisible, far off

He found nothing in the corridors so he opened the doors
He found nothing behind these doors there are more corridors
And he found nothing up there to prepare
He leaped up another flight of stairs
The smell and taste of things remain
Poised for a long time, like souls
He told me that he would be available next week
But I didn't contact him after talking to him
For fucking him back

from "Pinknoise"

7 Don’t You Feel The Morning Becomes Her?
--For Yan For A Senegalese Woman

Don’t you feel that morning
That morning becomes her?
Don’t you feel that this becomes her well?
Running
For instance

Opening an old cookie tin becomes her
Reading through the dank old letters?
She is like a cork
In a wine bottle   don’t you feel that bolting
’Cross a starry sky becomes her?
Having a will of her own becomes her
And other things become her too   for instance
A graceful fall becomes her

Don’t you feel that you could rub her right away
That overworked rough-sketch look
But then you find her thumb appearing right before your eyes

Don’t you think that
Rubbing becomes her?
Don’t you think that
Arriving in the morning becomes her?

from “Salsa”

Postscript Hsia Yu

The architect asks what kind of architecture is better for people to meet each other
To put two hundreds or two millions people into a regular or irregular box
The poet catches a pile of clouds
The installation artist puts the clouds into the washing machine
The noise artist turns on the washing machine
The washing machine emits the sound of concrete and crushed stones
And the vending machine spills out a bunch of useless things as a token of goodwill

translated by Wang Liqiu; coordinated by Pulsasir

Postscript Yan Jun

Hsia Yu read her postscript to us in SOS Bar near the Drum Tower. She hadn't decided to use it as postscript then. But after reading it, she decided to do so, which is one of many decisions we made that night, and probably the only one that is going to be implemented. One of the other decisions is that we shall open a bar with only five seats, one of which will be reserved for a friend in Taipei who he can not come back to Beijing, and probably won't in all his life.

The name of that bar will be: Angel Wrecked By Humor, or, Vomiting In The Toilet. Both of them are not good names. So more than likely, the bar will not come true. However the girl sit on my left at that time had agreed to work in it every Monday as its manager, serving people who started drinking early in the morning. I think, after all, we shall try to open it at least for her promise. Even if to open it only one day in a week. Or even only one day in all.

It is in the winter of 2011 that we started composing this CD. "Composing" is a serious word. Let's just say "started". It is in the winter of 2011 that we started this CD. Now it is the autumn of 2015. Time is worthless. Even folded into a wallet, it will disappear slowly, while it hasn't been used at all. Between the winter of 2011 and the autumn of 2015, she went to Paris twice, each time she had stayed there for about half a year. I went to more places than her, and in each of them I had stayed for one day at least and months at most. It seems that I've been urging her to record something like all the time, and she did record something. But she didn't urge me, I didn't urge myself, neither. I kept doing what I had to do but from time to time, I thought of this CD, I thought of it as if it was on the way, as if it had been calling, as if it was about to arrive.

Now in this CD, there are sounds we recorded in different places. As source material, they are swallowed and absorbed by the sound we made with them. There's no substantial relation among these places, these times, and these sounds. They are relevant only to us. I'm not saying that you see, I've been through a lot, and seen the world. What I'm trying to say is that, as an old saying goes, the concern of the thief is more serious than the thief itself. That concern we have for the CD, or the mutual concern between us, or even the concern in that we are concerned by the coming CD, is like the gravity.

A French person we both love said that poetry tries to call God's name by repetition. And it kills God by pronouncing His name. That is, by killing God, it offers a sacrifice to Him, to let Him revive, and live forever.

We are all repeating ourselves, repeating what others have done. And it's not bad.

translated by Wang Liqiu; coordinated by Pulsasir

Postscript of the Postscript Hsia Yu

Sobering up next morning I realize it was impossible to open that bar because neither "Angel Wrecked by Humor" nor "Vomiting in the Toilet" was a good name for a bar — nobody would bother to say twice that let's go to Angel Wrecked by Humor for a drink, or that I'm waiting for a friend in Vomiting in the Toilet. These names have the highest rate of depreciation, it is as if after one drive the most expensive and coolest car has been worn already.

There was another friend, a Czech noise artist present that night. When we were making up names for that bar, he, after finishing his third bottle of beer, suddenly cried, "Fuck the SOS let's call it ASS-HOLE-ASS". Everyone laughed widely, thinking that well there would be no name better than it for a bar. I said, well, you could open a bar with this name in Prague. He smiled and said no, it's not like that in Prague the atmosphere is wrong there.

To recite a poem you need a drinking mood. Poetry is something for the drinks.

translated by Wang Liqiu; coordinated by Pulsasir

CD曲目　Track List

1 自我的地狱—致波赫士（1899-1986）
A Personal Hell -- To Borges (1899-1986) – 1′59
2 就这样认识了晚上 | We Came This Way To Know The Evening – 4′54
3 继续讨论厌烦 | Continuing Our Discussion of Tedium – 10′27
4 令物体自行移动 | And Now These Objects Will Move by Themselves – 4′12
5 您主要装载了是在我的深渊区域
Tu As Largement Rempli L'abysse Qui Est En Moi – 5′53
6 五首短诗 | Five Short Poems – 7′40
7 你不觉得她很适合早上吗 —为Yan写给一个塞内加尔女人 | Don't You Feel The Morning Becomes Her? -- For Yan For A Senegalese Woman – 10′21

人声：夏宇
人声和环境声录音：夏宇、颜峻 2011–2012 台北、巴黎
其他声音素材：颜峻 2011–2014 台北、上海、兰州、杭州、南京、无锡、苏州、北京、斯德哥尔摩、首尔、柏林、洛桑
第6首萨克斯由照骏园演奏（调音），由颜峻录音，2012，南京
制作、作曲、混音：颜峻 2011–2015 北京
母带处理：宇波拓 2015 东京

voice: Hsia Yu
voice and environment sound recorded by: Hsia Yu and Yan Jun in Taipei and Paris, 2011-2012
other sound materials played and recorded by: Yan Jun in Taipei, Shanghai, Lanzhou, Hangzhou, Nanjing, Wuxi, Suzhou, Beijing, Stockholm, Seoul, Berlin and Lausanne, 2011-2014
saxophone in track 6 played by Jun-Y Ciao (Zhao Junyuan), recorded by Yan Jun, through feedback circuit during sound check in Nanjing, 2012
produced, composed and mixed by Yan Jun in Beijing, 2011-2015
mastered by: Taku Unami in Tokyo, 2015

设计：冯昊

design: Feng Hao

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